

Many Problems Face Sask. M.L.A.'s

GUARANTEE OF POOL LOANS CHIEF ITEM

Second Session of Seventh Legislature to Open Thursday

Canadian Press
REGINA, Sask. Jan. 8.—When Saskatchewan legislators meet Thursday for the second session of the 7th provincial legislature they will be faced with many important and momentous problems. Chief among these will be legislation guaranteeing the province's guarantee of the wheat pool to the banks on the 1930 crop.

The session, while important, is not expected to be extraordinarily long. The crop situation and relief will be among the important subjects for debate. It is expected that legislation seeking a plebiscite on the plan for a 100 per cent wheat pool will be introduced, and it is possible that the government will introduce amendments reducing penalties and extending time on tax sales.

Under a provincial lands act, the government, in legislation to be introduced, will do away with homestead rights, and will sponsor a new settlement scheme whereby native born Saskatchewan boys and girls will be given first opportunity of settling on the land.

The return of natural resources from federal control will also involve provincial legislation governing mines, forests and waterways.

Hon. J. A. Macdonald, minister of railways, labor and industries during the session will introduce a resolution endorsing a Dominion-wide unemployment insurance scheme.

The report of the royal commission, which investigated charges against the former Liberal regime is also expected to be available for consideration of the legislature.



Popular

"RADIO-WRITER"

Merrill Denison, leading Canadian playwright, has turned from the legitimate stage to the radio, and believes that playwrights in increasing numbers will do so in the future. He is doing the serials of "Maggie Carter" plays, dealing humorously with the great Canadian problem of attracting tourists, and which go on the air over a coast-to-coast network every Monday night. He will shortly go to work on a series of historical plays, also for radio.

J. B. Foster, of C.R.E. (Alberta Pacific Grain Company's radio station) arrived in the city Thursday to make arrangements for the radio broadcast of Premier Brownie's speech in the drawing room of the Macdonald hotel Thursday evening. The broadcast will commence at 7:30 p.m.

Stewart S. Lee, of Saskatoon, and W. Magdery of Toronto, Mayor Harris Company officials, were business visitors in the city Thursday to confer with local officials of the company.

Sonnysaysings
BY FANNY V. COBY



I don't see sheep's best after I have been told to go on.

COMPENSATION ACT QUERIES ARE ANSWERED

Col. Jamieson, Conservative Candidate, Outlines Position

With the request that he give the request during the course of his address on Wednesday night the following queries relating to the working of the Workmen's Compensation act in respect to injured workmen were submitted to Colonel F. C. Jamieson, the Conservative candidate in the Edmonton by-election:

1.—What is the candidate's attitude towards those workmen who are injured in the industrial work, who having suffered injuries are now being deprived wholly or partially of benefits accorded by the Workmen's Compensation act by the Compensation Board of the province?

2.—Is the candidate ready to use every lawful means to compel the Compensation Board to make prompt payment of all claims and to put into force sub-section 3 of section 13 of the Workmen's Compensation act according to law?

3.—As a measure of precaution in the candidate willing to accept amendments of the existing act by providing that where the department of the attorney general certifies that in his opinion a workman or woman has been unjustly dealt with by the board, the attorney general may apply to the courts for an order compelling the Workmen's Compensation Board to award the proper amount of compensation?

JAMIESON ANSWERS

Colonel Jamieson's replies to the above are as follows:

1.—If elected I will support any amendment to the Workmen's Compensation act which may be required to insure to an injured person payment of the benefits provided by the act.

2.—I am prepared to support any amendment which may be required to compel the awarding by the board of the benefits provided by the act where the merits and justice of the case are such that the injured person is entitled to these benefits.

3.—I will support the amendment to the act so as to provide for a right of appeal to the courts or to other competent authority in all cases where the injured person is dissatisfied with the decision of the board where the attorney general shall certify the case in question to be a proper one for review.

Bank Figures Are Nearing Last Year

Getting close to the returns for last year this, for many months, returns from city banks, reported through the Clearing House Association, for the week ending today are \$63,518,033.83.

For the corresponding week in 1930 the figures were \$62,662,611.61.

Albert Hinner, provincial grand inspector, arrived in Edmonton Thursday from Calgary.

COMPENSATION ON RESOURCES IS DISCUSSED

Little Can be Done Till Sask. Judgment Handled Down

Discussion took place between Premier R. B. Bennett and Premier J. E. Brownie at Winnipeg on Tuesday regarding the functioning of the international commission appointed a month ago to inquire into what compensation, if any, Alberta and Saskatchewan are entitled to for lands alienated prior to 1900 when the provinces were formed.

As the Saskatchewan reference to the courts on the subject was still being the Privy Council awaiting decision, it was felt nothing very much should be done until judgment is handed down. Premier Bennett indicated that his decision on the question of the international commission would be made available. Under the original natural resources agreement signed at Ottawa in December 1929, between the Premier W. L. Mackenzie King and Premier J. E. Brownie, it was provided that Alberta was entitled to a commission to inquire into the question of compensation for resources alienated prior to 1900.

Mr. Justice Targoff, F. R. Osborne, Calgary, and C. E. Bowman of the Mutual Life of Canada, Waterloo, Ontario, were appointed. When Saskatchewan decided to continue negotiations for the return of its resources, the same provision was included in its agreement.

It was then felt that rather than have two commissions working along different lines, it might be better to have a joint commission which would then give more equitable treatment to both provinces.

Accordingly Mr. Justice Targoff of the trial division, supreme court of Alberta, was appointed as the province's representative and Mr. Justice Brownie of Regina was chosen as Saskatchewan's representative. This is because necessary to dissolve the Alberta commission, a proceeding carried out more than a month ago.

Sign Owners Must Take Out Big Bond

With a view to protecting the public the city of Edmonton will insist that all owners of advertising signs be compelled to take out public liability bonds of \$10,000 and \$20,000, it was announced at the Civic block Thursday.

These bonds must be received by January 20, and through negotiations of the city commissioners with insurance company representatives, a low rate of premium has been secured. During the wind storm some weeks ago, many overhanging and advertising signs which were thought to be safe, were torn from their moorings, and as a result, the city will insist that all overhanging signs in the city must carry public liability insurance.

B. J. Jamieson, of Calgary, was a guest at the Macdonald hotel Thursday.

Hudson's Bay Company

INCORPORATED 2nd MAY 1670

Other Branches at Winnipeg, Yorkton, Saskatoon, Calgary, Lethbridge, Nelson, Vernon, Kamloops, Vancouver and Victoria.

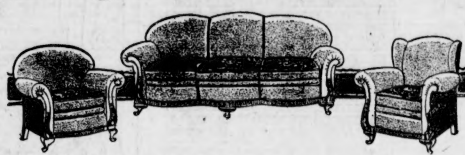
Odd Lines in Hardware, Half Price

Limited Quantities Assembled on a Bargain Table and Priced for Immediate Disposal!

—1 only, Electric Table Lamp, Regular \$21. For.....	10.50	—1 only, Universal Painted Teapots, Regular 6.50. Each.....	3.25	—48 only, Grapefruit Knives, Regular 50c. Each.....	25c
—1 only, Electric Table Lamp, Regular \$18. For.....	\$5	—1 only, Universal Painted Teapots, Regular \$18. Each.....	\$5	—2 only, Ivory Finished Handkerchiefs, Regular 2.50. Each.....	1.98
—1 only, Electric Table Lamp, Regular \$15. For.....	1.50	—1 only, Electric Percolator, Regular 23.00. For.....	16.75	—1 only, White Enamelled soap Dishes, Regular 25c. Each.....	25c
—1 only, Bridge Lamp, Regular 4.50. For.....	3.50	—1 only, Three Candle Light Fixtures, Regular 4.50. Each.....	2.50	—1 only, Toilet Paper Holders, Regular 5c. Each.....	15c
—9 only, Brass Jarrahiers, Regular 1.50. Each.....	1.50	—1 only, Double Candle Bracket in Bronze, Regular 6.50. Each.....	3.25	—1 only, Hammered Bronze Hall Fixtures, Regular 15.00. Each.....	6.25
—1 only, Tea Ball Aluminum Teapots, Regular 4.50. Each.....	2.25	—1 only, Curving Sets, Regular 4.50. Each.....	2.50	—1 only, Five Candle Lights—hammered bronze, Regular \$5.00. Each.....	13.25
—4 only, Universal Tea Ball Teapots, Regular \$1. Each.....	\$3	—1 only, Knife Sharpener, Regular 75c. Each.....	38c		

Jasper Ave., HBC

Living Room Suites Reduced



\$238 Luxurious, 3-pc. Chesterfield Suite 198.50

—Big pillow arm suite with deep springs in back and seat. Luxuriously comfortable Chesterfield—Bunny Back chair has extra high back. The Arm chair has an unusually comfortable seat and back. Choice of Tapestry or genuine Mohair coverings.

Smart Chesterfield and Chair to Match, \$99

—Full size Chesterfield with comfortable arm chair to match. Covered in good grade Tapestry. Deep seat springs and roll arms. Friday special, the 2 pieces for \$99

Tapestry Covered Suite, 2 Pieces for 72.35

—Exceptionally comfortable seats, full web bottoms, tailored in every way to give appearance and wear. Chesterfield and Arm Chair for 72.35

Settee and Two Occasional Chairs for \$38

—Just imagine three lovely pieces for a small room for only \$38. Upholstered in mohair with Jacquard combination. Only 3 of these sets available at this remarkably low price of \$38

Third Floor, HBC

27 x 54 Inch Wilton Hearth Rugs, 5.95

—Fine English Wilton Hearth Rugs in exclusive patterns and colorings. Excellent for halls or archways. Popular size 27 x 54 inch. Secure one at this low price of 5.95

4 x 7 Ft. Reversible Wool Rugs, 9.95

—10 only of these beautiful, reversible wool rugs to clear at this low price Friday. Shown in plain colors of Rose, Blue and Mauve. Regular 13.50. Clearing at 9.95

Clearing Colored Curdin Scrim, Yard 19c

—A fine quality curdin scrim in dainty, all-over colored designs. A quality that will launder nicely. 36 inches wide. Yard 19c

Third Floor, HBC

Remedies

—Frustrates.....	25c
—Nuxated.....	75c
—Bala.....	40c
—Meers Ointment 2nd size.....	75c
—Kassara, 4 oz. Each.....	30c
—Aber's Salts, large size 7oz.....	25c
—Aber's Salts, 4 oz. Each.....	15c
—3 sizes.....	50c, \$1 and 1.50
—Laxative Oil and Calomel Capsules.....	1.50
—Mercurchrome—sealed.....	25c
—Laxative Tablets and Tablets.....	25c
—Vapor.....	31c
—Buckley's Compound.....	31c

Richard Hudnut's Du Barry Toiletries

—Cleaning Cream.....	1.20
—Foundation Cream.....	51c
—Face Powder, box.....	51c
—Face Powder, 4 oz. Each.....	51c
—Special Assortment.....	1.20
—Al.....	1.50 and 2.75
—Lash Beauty.....	51c
—Lash Beauty.....	51c
—Pure Cream.....	51c
—Rouge, Liquid 1/2 Cake 1.75.....	1.75
—Liquid Nail Remover.....	51c
—Eye Lotion.....	51c
—Beauty Lotion.....	51c
—Beauty Dry Dressing.....	51c
—Beauty Cream.....	51c

English Reprints Each 3c

—200 reprints—cloth bound—Mystery, Love and Adventure or History. Special, per tin, 3c.

—200 reprints—cloth bound—Mystery, Love and Adventure or History. Special, per tin, 3c.

Complete Works of William Shakespeare 1.95

—12 volumes in 12 leather covers with gilt embossing. 12 pages printed in color type with good quality paper with 16 black and white illustrations. Special at 1.95

1931 Pocket Diaries

—A fine assortment of pocket diaries in various sizes and colors. Gilt covers, all illustrations and genuine leather covers. One to seven days in a page. Priced at 40c to \$2

Main Floor, HBC

The Winter Social Season

—Calls for smartness in your personal stationery. Your visiting cards, announcement, invitations, as well as note paper and envelopes, should all conform to the requirements of an ever changing mode—just as one's apparel should be designed according to prevailing tastes.

We are able to offer you expert guidance as to the latest ideas and to execute the highest class work that modern printing skill can produce.

EDMONTON BULLETIN

Job Department

Cor. 100th Ave. and 102nd St.

Phone 22273

Friday in HBC Groceries—Phone 26191

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables	One Hour Specials, 9 to 10 A.M.	CRISPER, 2 lbs. 73c
—SWISS CHEDDAR.....	—ROBIN HOOD RAPID OATS (No Premium).....	—HBC SEAL OF QUALITY CREAMERY BUTTER.....
—GRAPES.....	—Extra special.....	Special, per lb.....
—2 lbs. 19c	—Limit 2 pks. to customer.....	At.....
—Special.....	No phone orders for hour specials.....	—WILLOWHOFER CREAMERY BUTTER.....
—JUICY LEMON, 300c.....		Special.....
—Special.....		—2 lbs. 65c
—29c		—SHORTENING—Domestic or Baker's, Special, per tin, 49c
—BUNKER'S NAVEL ORANGES.....	—HBC ORANGE PEELER TEA, Per lb. 65c, Special at 10c.....	—PURE LARD—Borden's, Swift or Laid's, Special, per lb., 59c
—2 lbs. 89c	—1 lb. 1.15 1.65.....	—B.C. GRANULATED SUGAR, Special, per sack—
—2 lbs. 63c	—HBC SPECIAL BLEND TEA, Special.....	57c 1.10
—Apple Special!.....	—HBC SPECIAL BLEND COFFEE, Per lb. 55c, Special at 29c.....	—BAR, ICING OR LUMP SUGAR, 3 lbs. 17c
—MACINTOSH REDS.....	—HBC SPECIAL BLEND COFFEE, Per lb. 55c, Special at 29c.....	—CHOICE FRUIT, Special, per 3 lbs. 38c
—2 lbs. 2.45	—HBC HOUSEHOLD BLEND COFFEE, Special at 29c.....	—CHOICE FIFTY DATES, At.....
—DELICIOUS.....	—YELLOW NEWTON, Special.....	—LIDY'S PINEAPPLE, 2 lbs. 25c
—2 lbs. 2.85	—FRESH COCOA, 1 lb. Special.....	—Fresh Meats and Fish, Phone 27141
—WAGNERS, 2 lbs. 2.39	—YELLOW CORNMEAL, 10 lb. Per sack.....	—FRESH LAMB, Special, per lb. 28c
—2 lbs. 2.59	—EGG-O BAKING POWDER, Special, per tin.....	—CHOICE LAMB, Special, per lb. 25c
—CAPS COD CRABMEAT, Special.....	—CLOVERLEAF—BEST BUCKEYE HAMON, 10 lb. Special.....	—FRESH HAMBURG, 25c
—2 lbs. 45c	—AYLMER PORK AND BEANS, Special.....	—STEW, Per lb. 15c
—NOTHOFER RIBBARD, Special.....	—LOCAL CARBAGE, Special.....	—CANNED CORN, 19c
—20c	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	—Jasper Ave., HBC
—CALIFORNIA WHITE CELERY, Special.....	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—22c	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—CALIFORNIA HEAD LATTICE, Special.....	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—10c	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—NEW CARROTS in bunches, Special.....	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—10c	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—83c	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—LOCAL CARBAGE, Special.....	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—2 lbs. 25c	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—75c	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—5c	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—5c	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	
—4 lbs. 25c	—LOCAL MEXICAN POTATOES, 40 lb. Special.....	

D'S" -

Comes Home • Under Knife • Flee Before Rebels • For Post South



Tallulah Bankhead, brilliant American-born girl, who has made such a success on British stage, is returning shortly to show fellow-countrymen skill she has so long demonstrated in all cities of Europe



—Copyright 1930 by the Pacific and Atlantic Photos Inc.
Mrs. Sinclair Lewis, who was stricken with appendicitis, and successfully operated upon in Berlin, Germany



Louise Oestrich, young and pretty Los Angeles girl, who sailed to Bogota, Colombia, to take over post as secretary of American legation there.
AT LEFT—With report that rebel forces were preparing to march on Madrid, women-folk of town of Castro Viento (outside of Madrid) pack their belongings and flee to safety



W. A. Schonfeldt, Beverly Hills, Calif., engineer, liked view from his hillside home, so he built this unique inclined railway which leads from highway, up a hundred yards, to his doorway



Marjorie Crawford, 22-year-old Los Angeles flier, who has announced her engagement to William Wellman, motion picture director. Both are awaiting final divorce decrees from their first mates



This group of men are indulging in game of strip poker, the lost clothes to be given to needy of unemployed. They are members of American Legion in New York



Marshall Field, 3rd, Chicago, and his bride, formerly Mrs. Dudley Coats of London, married in London recently, as they returned the other day to New York on the liner Bremen from a hunting trip in Africa



T. H. Barrett, former English army captain, returns home to England and is greeted by wife and daughter after complete exoneration from all guilt in \$50,000 fraud for which he had already served 2½ years in South Africa prison. Government is making compensation



One young member of Russia's female industrial army is the above husky riveter shown gaily striding to work with her riveting machine over her shoulder. In Russia's fight to draw up on a par with other great nations of the world, sex is almost forgotten

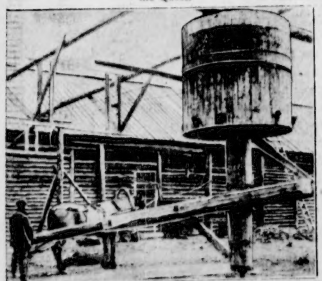


—Copyright 1930 by Pacific and Atlantic Photos Inc.

Victorio Mix (LEFT) has won divorce from her husband, Tom Mix, screen star, in Chicago court. Mary Wignam (RIGHT), noted German artistic dancer, arrived in New York where she made her first stage appearance on this side



—Copyright 1930 by Pacific and Atlantic Photos Inc.
Matron and sisters of East Ham hospital, England, gazing at royal charter recently granted to the institution, cornerstone of which was laid by Duchess of York and officially opened by the Queen



Vasilievsk region, Russia, showing primitive methods still being used for mining of "black gold" or oil. The method is most effective and far less expensive than our modern methods



Judge John H. Lyle, leading crusader on bench against gangsters, originator of public enemy list, who is running in Chicago mayoralty race



Mildred and Marjory Lowe exhibit their trophies. The girls, Los Angeles Athletic club swimming and diving team, began competing as youngsters and have amassed 150 medals and 35 cups



Philip F. Ray, graduate of University of California, returns Los Angeles with his wife after creating an entire system national sports for republic of Guatemala



Win, Pullin
If people never said more than they would, what a quiet old world this would be.

It may be all right to carry your head high, but it doesn't seem to get the credit you deserve.

TODAY'S BULL-DOGS
A paper with a few more words than the others, but the people who read it are the best.

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH
A bunch of knaves often cause a lack of trouble.

Slitcase used to be a golden boy, but now it's the talking that matters.

HEART BALM
It's the only balm for the heart. For that one stroke. Also, a kick.

The thousand must pay. The wealthy, the incurable back.

PHILOSOPHICAL BOKIN
Bart says: "I'm not a philosopher, but I'm a philosopher's son."

Wibber, Wibber, Wibber, Wibber. Wibber, Wibber, Wibber, Wibber. Wibber, Wibber, Wibber, Wibber.

Phonies by Karl A. Brooks. Wibber, Wibber, Wibber, Wibber. Wibber, Wibber, Wibber, Wibber.

Postcard from Cyprian Gals imagines that some girls make up their minds so often as they make up their minds.

TODAY'S GREAT OATS
Some folks are so crooked they think they're straight with themselves.

Even if a wife is as true as steel it doesn't follow that she is well content.

CLOTHES AND TROUSERS
Suits, suits, suits. White shirts, white shirts. The vague years years.

Spin, spin, spin. Lovers in a young heart—Fame is held.

Spin, spin, spin. Grey wheels are dead. Snap the thread.

A London physician declares that a healthy marriage is a healthy body.

Sounds funny, but it's the man who never says a word that counts.

WOULDN'T THIS ALAY YOU
Once upon a time you used to turn the nightfall off, now it's easy.

"What a queer old fellow," has become of the old-fashioned girl who used to get up at dawn.

SONG OF LOVE
A last opportunity to see a new play.

OPPOSE GAS EXPORTATION
Council of Chamber of Commerce Passes This Resolution

Opposing the export of natural gas, the council of the Chamber of Commerce passed a resolution.

It was decided that the export of natural gas should be opposed.

BRIGHT PROSPECT FOR TOMORROW
A last opportunity to see a new play.

"Youthful Blythe is given 99 years to live."

MR. HUNTER'S JOURNALS
Mr. Hunter's journals are a collection of his adventures.

FOUND ON PAGES 3 AND 11
A last opportunity to see a new play.

SECOND SECTION

EDMONTON BULLETIN—Alberta's Oldest Newspaper

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1931

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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER IN PUBLIC SERVICE

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Bridge

by ANNE AUSTIN
author of
"THE BLACK PIGEON"
"THE AVENGING PIROUETTE"
"MURDER BACKSTAIRS"
© 1930 124 NEA SERVICE, INC.

CHAPTER I

BONNIE DUNDEE stretched out a long and rather fine pair of legs, regarding the pattern of his dark-blue socks with distinct satisfaction; then he rested his black head with a sigh of satisfaction against the rich upholstery of an armchair not at all intended for his use.

His cheerful blue eyes turned at last—but not too long a last—to the small, upright figure seated at a typewriter desk in the corner of the office.

"Good morning, Penny," he called out lazily, and waited good-humoredly for the storm to break.

"Miss Crain—to you!" The flying fingers did not stop an instant, but Dundee noticed with a smile that the slim back stiffened even more rigidly and that there was a decided tone of the brown head.

"But Penny is so much more like you," Dundee protested, untroubled. "And why should I be forced always to think of you as a long-legged bird, when even our mutual boss, District Attorney William S. Anderson, has the privilege of calling you what you are—a bright and shining new penny."

"I've known Bill Sanderson since I was born," the unseen lips informed him truculently, even as the unseen fingers continued their fierce staccato typing.

"Ah! That explains a lot!" Dundee conceded handsomely. "I just wondered, amidst all this bonhomie of 'Bill' and 'Penny,' why I—"

"I only call Mr. Sanderson 'Bill' when I forget!" the small creature defended herself sharply. "Goodness knows I try to be an efficient private secretary! And I could be a lot more efficient if lazy strangers didn't flump themselves down in our best visiting chair, and try to flirt with me. I don't flirt! Do you hear?—I don't flirt with anybody!"

"Flirt with you, you funny little Penny?" Dundee's voice was a little sad, the voice of a man who finds himself gravely misunderstood. "I only want you to like me, if you can, and be a little nice to me, for after all I—"

"Oh, I know! Penny Crain, jeez! she's the finest letter from her typewriter and aman about on her chair to face him. 'I know you are Mr. James F. Dundee, special investigator attached to the office of the district attorney, and that you have a right to drive me crazy if you want to.'"

"Crazy?" Dundee was genuinely amazed, contrite. "I beg your pardon most humbly, Miss Crain. I'll go back to my cell—"

"Your office is almost as big and nice as this one," Penny retorted, but her sharp, bright brown eyes—really the color of a new penny—softened until they took on a velvety depth.

DUNDEE did not fail to notice the softening, nor did the little heart-shaped face, with its low widow's-peak, its straight short nose, and its pointed little chin, fail to please him any more acutely than on the other days of his courtship.

"But the files are in this office—and other things," he told her, his blue eyes twinkling happily once more.

"Don't you dare touch my files again!" Penny cried, springing to her feet and almost running toward the wall which was completely concealed by drawers, cabinets and shelves, filled with the records of which she was the proud custodian. "That's why, I said just now that you were driving me crazy. Thursday you took a whole folder of correspondence out of the letter files and put it back under the wrong initial. I had to hunt for it for two hours, with Bill—I mean, Mr. Sanderson—gnawing his nails with impatience. He thought I had filed it wrong, and you might have made me lose my job."

Unconsciously her slightly husky contralto voice had rung lower and trembled audibly.

"I'm awfully sorry. I shan't touch your files again, Miss Crain."

"Oh—go on and call me Penny," she conceded impatiently. "What do you want now? . . . And you can get any thing you need out of the files if you'll just put the folder in the bottom drawer of my desk, so that I can file it myself—correctly!"

"Thank you, Penny," Bonnie Dundee said gravely. "I'd like awfully to have the complete transcript of 'The State versus Magnity.' Mr. Sanderson is determined to get a conviction where our first district attorney must have failed. The new trial came up in two weeks, and he wants me to try to uncover a missing link of evidence."

"I know," she nodded, and stretched her short, slender body to pull down the two heavy volumes he required.

Without a by-your-leave, Special Investigator Dundee resumed his comfortable seat, and had the first of the volumes open upon his knees. But he did not seem to take a great deal of interest in the matter. The French heels of one Rufus Magnity, who had won the temporary triumph of a "hung jury" under the handling of the state's case by the deceased district attorney, Sherwood.

RATHER, his eyes followed the small, brisk figure of Miss Penelope Crain as it moved about the room, and his ears listened to the tapping of her French heels. . . . French heels! Hadn't she been wearing sensible Cuban-heeled oxfords all other days of this first week of his "attachment" to the district attorney's office? . . . Cunning little thing, for all her thoroughness and sharpness with him, when he now saw that she had observed. . . . Pretty, too. . . . Darned pretty! . . . What color was that dress of hers? . . . Char-rose, didn't they call it? . . . Char-rose with big brown dots in it. But it was lovely. . . . The French heels of golden-brown chiffon velvet. . . . By Jove—and Dundee gazed into one of the English-isms he had picked up during his long months' work in the district attorney's office, the apartment of Scotland Yard, before he had come to Hamilton to make a humble beginning as a cub detective on the homicide squad. . . . By Jove, she was all dressed up, for some reason or other.

"Of course! Because it's Saturday and you have the afternoon off!" Dundee finished his reverie aloud, to the astonishment of the small person trying to reach a file drawer just a little too high for her. "I mean," he hastened to explain, "that I've just noticed how beautiful your costume is, and for some reason or other."

There was a sudden clink in the creamy face, made the more interesting to Dundee, at least—by a sprinkling of golden-brown freckles across her nose. The French heels tapped an angry progress across the big office, and Penny sat down abruptly in her swivel chair, reached across the immaculate desk, snatched up a morning paper and tossed it without a glance in her tormentor's general direction.

"Page three, column two, first item," she informed him.



Nita Selim, mysteriously murdered while "dumpty" at bridge

ungraciously, and then began to search with a funny sort of desperation for more work to occupy her insatiable fingers and her extraordinary energy.

Bonnie Dundee grinned indulgently as he opened The Hamilton Morning News and turned to the specified page and column.

"Ah, my old friend, the 'society editions' in her very best style," he commented, as he began to read aloud: "Mrs. Junia Selim, new and charming member, is entertaining the Forsythe Alumni Bridge Club this afternoon luncheon to be served at the exclusive new Breakaway Inn on Sheridan Road—"

"I've read it—and I'm busy, so shut up!" Penny commanded, as she gathered up pencils to sharpen.

Quite meekly, Bonnie Dundee subsided into a silent perusal of the item he was sure could have no possible interest for himself, in either a personal or professional capacity, unless Penny's name was in it somewhere.

"After which the jolly party of young matrons and maids will adjourn to make a go of it, and that Mrs. Selim's luncheon to be served at the exclusive new Breakaway Inn on Sheridan Road—"

"I don't think it's funny," Penny retorted coldly. "It so happens that my mother named it, that my father went into bankruptcy trying to make a go of it, and that Mrs. Selim's luncheon to be served at the exclusive new Breakaway Inn on Sheridan Road—"

"Shut up!" she ordered, but her voice was huskier than ever with tears.

Dundee's now thoroughly interested eyes raked down the absurdly written paragraphs: "That of famous and select school for girls, Forsythe-on-the-Hudson, graduation from which places any Hamilton girl in the very inner circles of Hamilton society. Mrs. Selim has been closely identified with the school, having for the past two years directed and staged Forsythe's annual play which ushers in the Easter vacation."

"Indeed it was Mrs. Selim's remarkable success with this year's play which caused Mrs. Peter Dunlap, long interested in a Little Theatre for Hamilton, to induce the beautiful and charming young directress to return to Hamilton with her. Plans for the Little Theatre are growing apace, and it is safe to conjecture that not all the conversation given thick and fast about 'Nita's' bridge tables this afternoon will be concerned with contract 'conventions,' finesses which failed and scum."

"Lovely 'Nita' was elected to membership a fortnight ago, when a vacancy occurred, due to the resignation of Miss Alice Humphrey, who has gone abroad for a year's study in Sorbonne. The two-table club now includes: Mesdames Hugo Marshall, Tracey A. Miles, Peter Dunlap, John C. Drake, Junia Selim and Misses Polly Beale, Janet Raymond and Penelope Crain."

Dundee lowered the paper and stared at the profile of District Attorney Sanderson's private secretary. So she was a "society girl," a "Forsythe girl" was that the reason, perhaps, why she had been so thorny with him, a mere "dick"? Well, he wasn't just a "dick" any longer. He was a Special Investigator. . . . A "society girl," playing at work.

But there was more, and he read on: "As is well known, the girls have their 'benefit' bridge-luncheon every Saturday afternoon from the first of October to the first of June, and a bridge-dinner, in which men are graciously included, every Wednesday evening during the season. Mr. and Mrs. Tracey A. Miles are scheduled as next Wednesday's host and hostess."

"I take off my hat to your 'society editions,'" Dundee commented with false cheerfulness, when he had laid the paper back upon Penny's desk. "She makes half a column of this one item alone in what must be a neater Saturday bunch of 'Society Notes,' then writes it all over again, in the last issue, for an equally meager Monday column."

"Bridge, Miss Crain?"

Penny snatched up the paper and crushed it into her wastebasket. "I do! And I like my old friends, even if I am not able, financially, to keep up with them. . . . If that's why you've suddenly decided to stop being—"

"Please forgive me again, Penny," he begged gently. "You thought I was a 'society girl,' playing at work," she accused him as accurately as if she had read his mind. "I'm not! I was born into that crowd, and I still belong to it, because all of them are my real friends, but get this into your thick Scotch-Irish head, Mr. Dundee!—I'm working because I have to, and—and because I love it, too, and because I want to learn to make enough before I'm many years older to give mother some of the things she's missing so tragically since—since my father failed and—and ran away."

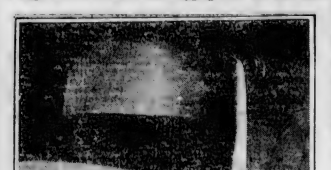
"Run away?" Dundee echoed incredulously. How could any man desert a daughter like this!

"Yes, run away!" she repeated fiercely. "I might as well tell you myself. Plenty of others will be willing to, as soon as they know you are—my friend. . . . As I told you, my father—I used to call him Dad—and his voice broke—"my father went bankrupt, but before the courts knew he had sent some securities to a—a—to a woman in New York, and when he left us he went to her, because he left mother a note saying so. His defrauded creditors have tried to—to catch him, but they haven't—yet—"

Very gently Bonnie Dundee took the small hand that was distractedly rumpling the brown waves which averted back from the widow's-neck which made her forehead so irresistible, he lay fluttering in his bigger pants for a moment, then snatched itself away.

"I won't have you feeling sorry for me!" she cried angrily. "Who owns your—Primrose Meadows—house now?"

"The lovely Nita!" Her voice was scornful. "No. She rents it from Judge Hugo Marshall—or is supposed to pay him rent," she added with a trace of malice. "Hugo is an old darling, but he is fearfully weak where pretty women are concerned. Nita Selim had known Hugo in New York—somehow—and as soon as Louis Alton Dunlap, I mean—had got Nita off the train, the stranger in our midst hid herself to Hugo's office and he's been tagging after her ever since."



Captain Strawn of the homicide squad

"Though most of the men in our crowd are as bad or worse than poor old Hugo. How Karen keeps on looking so blissfully happy—"

"Karen?" Dundee interrupted.

"Mrs. HUGO MARSHALL," she explained impatiently. "Karen made her debut a year ago this last winter, a darling of a girl. Judge Marshall—retired judge, you know—had been proposing to the prettiest girl in each season's 'Movements,' he asked, more to bring her out of her depression than anything else. 'Bigger and Better Babies Movements, and Homes for Fallen Girls, and Little Theatrical Movements'—"

The brown head flung itself up sharply, and the brown eyes hardened into bright pennies again. "Lois is the sweetest, finest, most comfortable woman in Hamilton, and I adore her—she does everyone else, Peter Dunlap hardly more than the rest of us. She is interested in a Little Theatre for Hamilton, but she won't manage it. That's why she got hold of Nita Selim. Lois will simply put up barrels of money without missing them, and give a grand job to a little Broadway gold-digger. Funny thing is, she really delights in Nita. Nita Selim's sweet and she never had a real chance."

"And what do you think?" Dundee asked softly.

"Oh—I suppose I'm a cat, but I can see through her so clearly. . . . 'Frenchie'—Lois, she's simply an opportunist. She's awfully sweet and deferential and frank with women, but with men—well, she simply tucks her head so that her black curls fall forward enchantingly, gives them one wistful smile, and she's off, like black panthers and—"

"The clink of slave chains!" . . . Now go on and think I'm cat, why I suppose I am!"

BONNIE DUNDEE grinned at her reassuringly. Not for him to explain that practically all women and many men found themselves "kissing" when he led them on adroitly, for reasons of his own. Which helped make him the excellent leader he was, of course.

"So all the men in your crowd have fallen for Nita Selim, have they?"

"Precisely all in varying degrees, except Peter Dunlap, who has never looked at another woman since he was lucky enough to get Lois, and Clive Hammond, who's engaged to Polly Beale." Penny answered reluctantly, her color high.

"I haven't a 'young man,' in the sense of being engaged,"

Penny retorted, then added honestly: "I have been letting Ralph Hammond—that's Clive's brother, you know—take me about a good deal. . . . Clive and Clive have plenty of money, they defended herself hastily. "They are architects, Clive being the head of the firm and Ralph, who hasn't been out of college so long, a junior partner. It was Hammond first, and then I drew up the plans for my father's Primrose Meadows Addition houses. He had our house built as a sort of show-place, you know, so that prospective builders could see how artistic a home could be put up for a moderate sum of money. But he didn't quite finish even that—left half the gabled top story unfinished, and Nita has been teasing Hugo to finish it up for her. It looks," she added with a shrug, "as if Nita will get what she wants—as usual."

"And Ralph has acquired a set of slave chains?" Dundee suggested, with just the slightest note of sympathy.

"And how!" Penny assured him grimly. "A smile as out of date as my clothes are going to be if it doesn't get some new ones soon. . . . I could dress up in a window draped—and be just as charming as you are in that grand new party dress you have on now," Dundee finished for her gaily.

"New?" Penny snorted and turned back to her desk in a futile effort to find something left undone.

Dundee ignored the rebuff. "How many suckers—I mean, how many gentlemen with moderate incomes actually built in Primrose Meadows?"

"You are inquisitive aren't you? . . . None! Our house, or rather the one Nita Selim is living in now, is the only house on what used to be a big farm. . . . Why?"

"I was just wondering," Dundee said softly, almost absent-mindedly. "Why the lovely Nita" chose so isolated a place in which to live, when Hamilton has rather a large number of 'For Rent' signs out just now. . . . By the way, know the time it is now?"

"Twenty to one, you'll be right. . . . You'll be right, young woman. I'm going to drive you out to Breakaway Inn."

"You're not! I'm going to take a bus. One runs from the Square right past the Inn," she told him firmly.

AND just as firmly Dundee escorted her out of the almost deserted, rather dirty old courthouse to where his brand new roadster was waiting. He was a man who was devoted to the motors of those who officially served Hamilton county.

"I know why you want to drive me out to the Inn," Penny told him suddenly, as the proud owner maneuvered his car through Saturday noon traffic. "You want to see Nita Selim. Clank! Clank! I can hear the padlocks snapping on the slave chains right now."

"Meow!" Dundee retorted, then grinned down at her with as much comradely affection as if they had been friends for years instead of for a couple of hours. "Nita very much?"

"Little enough to tuck herself under the arm of a man a lot shorter than you," Penny assured him with curious vehemence. "And if Penelope Crain is no mean prophet, that's exactly what she'll do within five minutes after she meets you—just as she is wistfully inviting you to join the other men for the cocktail party which is scheduled to break the bridge game at 5:30. Then, of course, you'll be urged to join us all at the dinner-dance at the Country Club tonight."

"Will she?" Dundee pretended to be vastly intrigued, which caused the remainder of the drive to be a rather silent one, due to Penny's unresponsiveness.

Breakaway Inn was intensely Spanish in architecture and translucent shrouded, but its stucco walls were of a rather more violent raspberry color than is considered quite esthetic in Spain or Mexico.

"Lois! Lois! Lois! My car just driving up," Penny cried, her face softening with the adoration she had freely professed for her friend. But it clouded again almost instantly. "And Nita Selim!"

As Dundee helped his new friend to alight his eyes were upon the two women being assisted by a uniformed chauffeur from Lois' car. . . . The Spanish in architecture and translucent shrouded, but its stucco walls were of a rather more violent raspberry color than is considered quite esthetic in Spain or Mexico.

"What a tall man you've got your eye, Penny darling!" the tiny, beautiful creature which could only be Mrs. Selim cried out happily. "May I meet him?"

"I shouldn't let!" Penny answered frankly, "but I will. . . . I'll be right back. . . . And Mrs. Dundee. . . . How are you, Lois? And Peter and the brats?"

"Well, well, Penny. Peter's off on a week-end fishing trip, and not one of the brats has measles, scarlet fever or hay fever. Dundee heard Mrs. Dunlap say in the comfortable, affectionate way that went with her comfortable, pleasant face and body. . . . Nice women!"

BUT his eyes were of necessity upon Nita Selim, for that miniature Venus was, as Penny had predicted, almost tucked under his arm by this time, her black-pantry eyes wide and wistful, her fine, soft black curls falling forward as she coaxed:

"You'll come to the cocktail party at my house at 5:30, won't you, Mr. Dundee?"

"Afraid I can't make it," Dundee smiled down at her. "I'm a busy man, Mrs. Selim. . . . You see, I'm Special Investigator attached to the district attorney's office," he explained very deliberately.

"O-oh! Nita Selim breathed, then, step by step, she hardened of her eyes, the sudden, shocking of a pale in her very white neck. . . ."

"No don't mind about calling for me," Penny protested a moment later. "Ralph has already volunteered. . . . Thanks awfully!"

As Dundee backed out of the driveway his last glance was for the tiny, beautiful creature which could only be Mrs. Selim. . . . The Spanish in architecture and translucent shrouded, but its stucco walls were of a rather more violent raspberry color than is considered quite esthetic in Spain or Mexico.

To Be Continued

JANE ARDEN

By Barrett and Ellis



GASOLINE ALLEY

Homely Advice

By King



THE GUMPS

Henrietta—From Now On

By Smith



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Helping Mother!

By Blosser



Little Stories for Bedtime

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THE NEBBES

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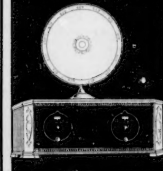
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